

Canibus Lyrics

"Sharpshootaz Blazin' Caps"

(feat. K-Solo, Born Son, Willie Dynamite & Maintain)

[Canibus]

Sharp fangs! Sharpshootaz... sharpshootaz
The poem is dolioform
I arm wrestle you with my polio arm in a rodeo barn
Nowadays I see emcees get on stage
They look like parakeets in a cage
Grab the mic like they afraid to palm it
'til I bomb it, the LRADs lace the target
The firearm long like fist-to-armpit
Sergeant Sharpshoota, a gifted marksman
Sip sake, rip the mic nigga watch me
The kamikaze, Benihana your body
Sour posses show up to your party
Everybody go home now, put your microphone down
Go boil some water, I'ma hold him down
Interrogation techniques, I'ma show you how
I'ma ask you two times, then after that
I'ma roll you a blunt with a blasting cap
You understand what I'm sayin? Your man's not playin
You'll be twenty-one grams lighter after the weigh-in
Sharpshootaz aimin, wolfgang came in to bang him
Demo'd the nigga, then Maintain sprayed him

[Maintain]

Yeah I sprayed him, it was strictly biz
The way I laid him to rest yo it wasn't cause I hated him
His bars were sendin him off, he was lost
Now he's, six feet deep payin the cost
Yo my enemies are unfit; they keep movin
like they don't know I'm too strategic for this dumb shit
You're hopin that I fail; but the race is been won
But they don't know that because they slower than a snail
It's too easy, but I don't feel guilty
Cause if the slowpokes had it their way they would kill me
Now how real is this situation that I stay in
And when does a Sharpshoota got time for playin?
My whole team aimin them red beams, it's no games
It takes me no brains to leave you with no brains
I got you so pegged this is so unfair
You should start prayin to the man upstairs
Cause really all I gotta do is cock and squeeze
And your brain's on the ground lookin like cottage cheese
While I'm in the trees with top notch emcees
Sharin brilliant ideas and philosophies about
how we're gonna stack this money and lounge
In the town there's a whole lot of nothin around

Try to stop the process, and I'm huntin you down
to put your faggot ass in front of the ground, now fuck around

[Chorus: Canibus (K-Solo)]

The Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz
Blastin at the blastin cap, bomb unit
It's the Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz
Nothin but sharp fangs, paws and claws, let's do this!
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)
(If it's a mission that we on you know I mapped it out)
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)
(My whole team'll have you street dudes tappin out)

[Willie Dynamite]

Yo, me fall off in the game, picture that!
You got beef in the street? And need heat?
Call your man I get you that
I got small ones that go pop pop, and click clack
And big ones strong enough to push a bus back (BOOM!)
And I still ain't forgot what you said nigga
I'm down to turn that white tee you rockin
into a ketchup bed
When the slugs, catch up, to yo' head
Hip-Hop you dead a closet casket you gon' rock instead
So tell your mans ain't no need for sendin flowers and shit
When I'm on the fiends come through and devour the shit
The block is dry, leave it up to us to shower the shit
You got beef, I slide through and Twin Tower your shit
Dynamite, I'll harass you niggaz
Like pullin your shorts down in front of chicks
I'll embarrass you niggaz
Actin like you John Gotti, we'll see how gangster you are
when you find pieces of your son's body
I fucked around and ate his lunch, now he got his hands full
holdin his head and legs in the trunk
The chick I'm with, I ain't hearin the bitch
I'm rockin Sharpshoota shit, lookin for the next gear to switch

[Born Sun]

Aiyyo I squeeze on emcees like bullets never-ending
Leave the machine smokin while the terror still spinnin
Mujahadeen from Queens, an Arabian God
Suicide bomb your squad screamin Allahu Akbar
Hell gon' unleash release for beast wars
Mad rapper with a backpack strapped with C4
Barack Obama that popped the llama
And bodily harm ya, shots penetrate your armor
The young Yaphet Kotto in the dojo blowin 'dro
Clappin the fo'-fo', wanted for murderin the flow
Crazy muh'fucker I'm sick, it's been known
Rhymes retarded and bars is downs syndrome
I'm top raised to hit front page, up center stage
with the gauge, that'll remove your hips from your legs

Back crackin vertabvae, attack and murder prey
Don't ever war with Sun, I swore I thought I heard him say

[Chorus]

[K-Solo]

None of you niggaz in the block want beef
You get slammed on your face like you fightin Tito Ortiz
Plus I, wreck shop, your man'll hear your neck pop
I do your whole clique with a 8 ball in a sweatsock
I draw the line, cross it, you get shot
My wolves'll leave the mountain and scatter the whole block
I get the Mac out, splatter the whole block
Come mad a whole lot, I said it to get it hot
I wrote it so when I quote it I spit it, went POP
You can disrespect me but not when I'm holdin the glock
I paint my name on your back like connect the dot
And YO! I'll get that movement in your neck to stop
These motherfuckers know the fuckin deal
See I don't fuckin sleep, you know my fuckin hand be on the steel
Quick with ammo, come equipped
when I squeeze the infra from the hip [echoes]

[Chorus]